

Still Thirsty

Boogie

I get lost sometimes, lost sometimes

This shit turned me to a different dude
And most the time I don't be in the mood
And niggas know how liquor do
It got me hitting girls I barely know like "what you finna do?"
Thirsty, hmm, I'm a different dude
This humble talk got me a bit confused
Let me stop flexing in my interviews and say
Y'all biggest tunes, I kinda look at them like interludes
Oh man, this shit turned me to a different dude
And most the time I don't be in the mood
We went from tears at the bottom 'til we almost top tier
My biggest fear is I don't finish through
I said "oh man, shit", I'm a different dude
And ya'll done finally caught me in the mood
Like how the fuck we made a killing in the land of the dead
On my mama I'm the living proof
And shit it ain't no good day if I don't think I'm getting better
I can't say I feel complete if you don't recognize my efforts
Was sleeping on the floor, we turned them covers into beds
We was trying to get ahead, they trying to leave shit severed
Several seats to them niggas, man I'm still standing
Well, well, well, well, well
No several seats for Sharese and she say she can't stand me
That's too bad, you know we never had that family in real life
Cause this shit turned me to a different dude
And most the time I don't be in the mood
It's different women that I'm hitting too
As soon as I finish, hit Jamesha like I'm missing you
Damn, see I'm a different dude
And ya'll done finally caught me in the mood
Now when I talk about the boppin' and the fucking dick-
hopping know I'm talking 'bout you niggas too, all bad
With the shame, with the wrist game
How can I not be offensive when I switch lanes
Everybody think they winning in the vendor
How that nigga get chipped it ain't shit change
Please forgive me for the calls that I missed
I blame the stu' like I can't talk for a bit
And yeah my mama know I love her, but sometimes I get mad like why the fuck
we have to struggle?
Why the fuck we wasn't rich?
And then I sit and think how we went from
House to house, she gave us Heaven with no income
I grab a plant with all thorns if you tell me why
I had to see my daddy leave and really what it stem from
And now I see what trickled down from his actions
Cause I see signs that my son lack compassion
Yeah we could pass up our life, but can't pass up our madness
Can pass up our wife, but can't pass up these ratchets
All bad, all you niggas got me cracking up
I heard some shit like I don't rap enough
Or, shit, that I don't want it bad enough and then I heard 'em say like "nig-
ga you don't have our back enough"
Fuck, well I've been stacking up
Nah, really that ain't accurate cause I just spent

My whole damn advance in the pass couple months just to
Compensate for times we ain't have enough, (woo)

Why leave me lonely?
Why don't you love me like you should?
Why leave me lonely?
Why leave me lonely?
Why leave me lonely?